

Literature and Psychology

The News Letter of the Conference on Literature and Psychology of the Modern Language Association

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No. 1

Faust:

In meinem Innern ist ein Heer von Kräften,
Unheimlich eigenmächtig, rastlos heiss,
Entbrannt zu tief geheimnisvoll'n
Geschäften,
Von welchen all mein Geist nichts will
und weiss.
So bin ich aus mir selbst hinausgesperrt,
Und stets geneckt von Zweifeln und gezerrt,
Ein Fremdling ohne Ziel und Vaterland,
Indem ich schwindelnd, strauchelnd fort
mich quäle
Zwischen dem dunkeln Abgrund meiner Seele
Und dieser Welt verschloss'ner Felsenwand,
Auf des Bewusstseins schmalen, schwanken
Stege,
So lang dem Herz beliebte seine Schläge.

Mephistopheles:

Denn liebend zeugen, hassend morden,
Ist Menschenherzens Süd und Norden;
Und was dazwischen innesteckt,
Sind Keime, doch zurückgeschreckt,
Sind Sprossen nur, die halben, matten,
Von Todschatz oder von Begatten.

---Nikolaus Lenau, Faust

(Sc. 3 -- der Besuch and
Sc. 4 -- die Verschreibung)

[Suggested by L. C. K.]

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Professor Edel's address at the Freud Centenary Luncheon, together with brief summaries of proceedings at the Seventh Annual Conference and at the special meeting on the status and financing of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY.

"The Hard Vision of Freud," by Herbert Weisinger 5

This paper was delivered by Professor Weisinger at the Freud Centenary Program at Michigan State University on November 8, 1956. The author attended Brooklyn College and the University of Michigan, from which he received his doctorate. He has been Professor of English at Michigan State since 1942, and has also been a Member of the Institute for Advanced Study, a Research Fellow at the University of London, and a Howard Foundation Fellow. He has written many articles on Shakespeare, aspects of Renaissance thought, and the myth and ritual approach to literature. He is the author of Tragedy and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall (Routledge, Kegan Paul, 1953) and is now working on two

other books, one dealing with myth and ritual interpretation of Shakespeare, the other tentatively entitled Myth and Method.

"Two Variations on a Theme: Dying in Venice (Thomas Mann and Ernest Hemingway)" by Joachim H. Seyppel. 8

Professor Seyppel, remembered by our readers for his article on Kafka (IV, 4, 54-63), has carried forward, without being aware of its existence before he saw its results in our pages, the investigation of parallelisms between Mann and Hemingway presented to our readers last year by Professor Mertens (VI, 3, 96-99). Professor Seyppel was born in Berlin and educated there and at Lausanne, Rostock (from which he holds his doctorate), and Harvard. He has written extensively on literature and philosophy, in German and English, his writings also including two works of fiction and a play. He taught at several institutions in the United States before recently joining the German department at Bryn Mawr.

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Including a report of a meeting of l'Association Internationale des Etudes Françaises devoted to "Psychanalyse et Littérature," as well as articles in various recent journals and offprints received.

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND COMMENTS

** As reported elsewhere, contributions to LITERATURE & PSYCHOLOGY will hereafter be passed upon by the Editorial and Steering Committee, thus relieving the Editors of sole responsibility for the papers accepted. Comments, announcements, and bibliographical notes are still chargeable to the Editors, however, unless other credits appear.

** Despite the usual frustrations of MLA attendance, complicated this year by the trek between Statler and Mayflower, we report the following papers of psycho-literary interest (those marked + being listed on the basis of title only):

"New Evidence on Keats's Illness," by Harold E. Briggs (Eng. 9)

"Influences of Psychological and Psychiatric Studies on Unamuno," by Edward J. Schuster (Span. 5)

+ "Recurring Patterns in Zola's Novels," by John C. Lapp (Romance Section)

"The Fiery Antidote: A Reading of 'Goblin Market'," by Fraser Neiman (Eng. 10)

"Humor's Healing Power," by James A. Work (English Section II)

"The Biographer as Critic," by Leon Edel (English Section II)

+ "F. C. Bartlett and the Psychological Study of Folktales," by William H. Jansen (Comp. Lit. 2)

+ "Some Meanings of Myth," by Herbert Weisinger (Comp. Lit. 2)

+ "Autobiography and Poetry -- Byron," by Leslie Marchand (Gen. Topics 2)

+ "Expressionism and Existentialism in Modern German Literature," Panel: André von Gronicka, Walter Sokel, Hans Jaeger (Ger. 5)

"Levels of Reality in Phèdre," by Robert J. Nelson (Fre. 3)

+ "Tell and Gessler: Psychological Patterns in Schiller's Wilhelm Tell," by Richard Plant (Ger. 3)

We have reserved for special comment one paper, which those who attended our Conference must have missed, since it was given at the same time. Professor Harry Bergholz has permitted us to see the mss. of

"Autopsy on Soliness" (Scandinavian Group)

In it Professor Bergholz has contributed to the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Ibsen's death by analyzing the critical reaction of successive generations of commentators to a single play, The Master Builder. He distinguishes four major strata of critical approach to the play, preceded by a preliminary period of "bafflement." The four succeeding stages are called biographical, psychological, philosophic-religious, and stylistic, respectively. From the elaborate bibliography which accompanied his paper some excerpts have been included in the bibliographical section of this issue.

** Birth notices have been received for the following recently-founded journals:

Centennial Review of Arts and Sciences, edited by Branford P. Millar at Michigan State. "Designed to present articles in the principal disciplines of the sciences and humanities in such a manner that the achievements and implications of specialized scholarship may be disseminated over a wide range of field."

Victorian Studies, to be published at Indiana University. Will carry "relevant articles in any of the humanities, arts, and sciences" pertaining to English culture between about 1830 and 1914.

James Joyce Review. Managing editor, Edmund Epstein, University of Buffalo.

** The following books have been received for review; reviews, where appropriate, will be published later:

H. D. - Tribute to Freud (Pantheon, \$2.50) with a foreword by Merrill Moore. ix+180 pp.

Milton L. Miller - Nostalgia: A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust (Houghton, Mifflin, \$4.00). ix+306 pp.

Thomas F. Marshall et al. (eds.) - Literature and Society 1950-1955: A Selective Bibliography (University of Miami Press, n. p.) ix+57 pp.

Robert Montraville Green - The Round Table: An Arthurian Romance Epic (Privately printed; \$6.00, cloth; \$5.00, paper). Volume 1, vi+612 pp.

MINUTES OF 1956 MEETINGS

The Conference on Literature and Psychology met at luncheon in honor of the centenary of the birth of Sigmund Freud at 12:30 p. m. on 27 December 1956 at the Hotel Burlington in Washington, D. C. The speaker at the luncheon, Professor Leon Edel, delivered the following address:

* * * * *

This is the first time our group has gathered on an occasion of this sort. We're usually too busy, all of us, to do more than read our bulletin, as best we can, and meet once a year largely to disagree on matters of theory and interpretation and

what literature and psychology are all about. Of course our very act of meeting implies a large amount of agreement. And the occasion of our taking time to have lunch together is indeed an index of unanimity.

For we are met to honor today a man who has put his stamp upon our century, as no other man has done; and who can be honored with the deepest affection and respect by students of literature as by the medical profession or workers in many other fields. I think it can be affirmed -- and the centenary articles have said this over and over again -- that no figure in our time

has had a deeper and more pervasive influence upon the mind of man than Sigmund Freud. Einstein's work belongs to the stratosphere of the intelligence; he is on his summit where few of us can follow him, although all our lives have been profoundly affected by him. Einstein opened vistas into the world around man. Freud opened them into man himself.

It speaks eloquently for the vitality and power of Freud's ideas and his discoveries that, in the midst of the centenary when he is honored and revered and his life is reviewed with care and even with piety, the debates he initiated continue unresolved. We know that he was a fighter, that he had to overcome the greatest obstacles any fighter for his ideas can encounter: I allude to the sealed ear, the selective inattention, the automatic block, call it the resistance which he himself had studied with such assiduity and such patience. Like a stirring fighter he made deeply loyal friends and vigorous and bitter enemies. Many of his ideas are widely disputed. Many have been and will be revised, even as he himself had the courage to revise and correct them.

Freud's view of man is difficult to accept; it is hard for us to share the ferocious pessimism of his last works, and we understandably resist. Are we instinct-driven creatures in constant need of polishing, seeking always a pleasure anodyne to the tensions and miseries of existence? Man tends to think well of himself. He wants to think well of himself. He wants to believe that in spite of great set-backs he has at least established an ideal of civilization not wholly effaced by our recurrent lapses into barbarism. And yet whatever the disputes, Freud's ideas and techniques, his positive aids to psychiatry, his theory of psychoanalysis, his insights into early childhood and the formation of the ego, his speculations and bold sallies into man's unconscious through his interpretation of dreams -- that is, his study of the symbols by which man lives -- have taken hold and are woven inextricably into our time. It is on the ground of the study of symbols that literature and psychoanalysis meet, it is on this ground that we have found ourselves banding together in this group. Certain of the great writers of the past had profound insights into the springs of the consciousness. In olden times Aeschylus and Sophocles; later Shakespeare and Coleridge; and in recent times Dostoevsky, Ibsen, Henry James.

Balzac, in his preface to his *Comédie Humaine*, recognized that there is to be found a "phenomenon of brain and nerves, which prove the existence of an undiscovered world of psychology." I believe the editor of our bulletin long ago, in those fascinating epigraphs he seems to dig up in all sorts of places, quoted Hawthorne's speaking of the "topsy-turvy Commonwealth of sleep." Hawthorne expressed the belief that psychology would reduce the dream worlds to a system instead of rejecting them as altogether fabulous. And you all know that Henry James described how he dropped his ideas into the well of what he called "unconscious cerebration" and waited for them to emerge ready for use.

Freud re-expressed these insights in clinical terms. He was a doctor, and yet the strange thing is that the greater part of his work -- particularly his study of the symbols man throws up from his unconscious -- is related not only to medicine but to the humanities. It was no accident that Freud turned to literature to find descriptive names for the mental conditions he discerned in his patients. Literature itself is all symbol; words are symbols; the creation of the works of the imagination is a part of man's symbol-making which Freud was studying. Poets, musicians, novelists, critics -- above all the critics -- have been concerned with the very mental stuff that was Freud's concern. It had medical applications where it touched man's nerves and his brain and his physical functioning. But it belonged no less to that part of our civilization which is concerned with the mind and with consciousness.

It seems to me fortunate for the world that Freud belonged to an old humanistic tradition in which the medical man was also a man of learning. He was not the type of narrow doctor we tend to produce so often today -- the happy dispenser of anti-biotics with crowded assembly-line offices and a view of the individual as a king of robot who must yield to medication as if he were a mere malfunctioning motor. Freud was a man of broad culture. He read widely in world literature and he was grounded in the philosophies of the centuries. We have only to read certain of his essays, his Leonardo for instance, or that remarkable study in visual details -- I allude to his speculation on the Moses of Michelangelo -- to be aware that we are in touch not only with a scientific mind of the broad imaginative sort, but an individual of strong human sympathies. He could point acutely to the need for doctors capable of understanding those relations between mind and body of which spiritual healers had always been aware -- aware without however possessing full understanding. Freud possessed an awareness of the human being as someone who is more than mere subject for test-tube chemistry. He understood what much of medicine has not yet grasped: the whole emotional side of man, that side of him which Proust, working without knowledge of Freud, mirrored in his great novel.

This will explain why most of the writing about Freud during this centenary year has been the work of non-medical persons -- that is persons like ourselves able to grasp the major side of Freud's contribution. This, in essence, was non-medical; and it has, indeed, made richer, and in turn been enriched by, the disciplines it fertilized. Freud has become so powerful an influence today in part because other ideas have been added to his.

The bulk of the clergy in dealing with their flocks, the social workers called upon to cope with poverty and delinquency, the teachers who guide the young, teachers like ourselves in the universities who interpret great works of literature, the anthropologists studying races and cultures -- all work by the lights Freud turned on: but in turn they and we have added further illumination of our own. It is understandable that Freud trained non-medical personnel to carry on his work when he found the rigid

medical profession resisting his discoveries.

In our own field we must recognize that Freud's ideas are still suspect even to those who have unwittingly used them. I once delivered a paper at an MLA meeting which was based wholly on something Freud had taught me: to scrutinize what might be called the "manifest" content of the work. To my amazement I was roundly congratulated afterwards for having covered the ground without being "Freudian." Our very MLA program at the present meeting, and at other recent meetings, reflects the pervasive influence of Freud. The old meetings used to be devoted extensively to that favorite of old scholarship: source-hunting. Today the hunt is for symbolic meanings, myths, archetypes. Some of this stems from Jung, of course, but Jung we must remember at least stemmed from Freud. The time will come, I know, when scholars will study the entire inward-turning of our time: in philosophy and psychology, from William James to Bergson to Freud; in the novel from Dujardin to Faulkner by way of James and Joyce and Virginia Woolf. And in that study Freud will loom very large indeed. Human, palpable, questioning, making mistakes, stumbling, recovering his footing, he is quite likely to become himself the archetype of the scholar-explorer, a kind of Faustian figure, but on the whole devoid of Faust's destructive element, possessing a strange mixture of arrogance and compassion, the scholar and the healer who heals because he knows and knows because he heals.

Freud recognized himself as one who had "disturbed the world's sleep." Yes, and doubtless made us self-conscious about our dreams. If some of the magic has been rubbed off of them, that is the price we pay for understanding. Or let me put it another way: it is as if a second bite had been made into the old Adamic apple. But then man has always had to pay a price for the knowledge he has gained. Knowledge is reality and reality as we know substitutes itself sometimes with difficulty for delusion. That is still our problem: but the fact that our group here in Literature and Psychology grows stronger from year to year is perhaps a sign that the realities Freud propounded continue to take hold. And certainly some of them will prevail.

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Following the luncheon the seventh annual Conference on Literature and Psychology met at the Hotel Statler from 2:00 to 3:30 p. m. Leonard F. Manheim (C. C. N. Y.) was chairman and Eleanor B. Manheim acted as secretary pro tem. Over 85 members attended. Professor Edel and Dr. Ruth R. Adams (Baltimore Jr. Coll.) were appointed to serve as nominating committee.

Since Professor Hoffman could not be present, his paper, "Psychology and Literature" (VI, 4, 111-115) was briefly summarized by the chairman. Dr. Fraiberg presented a summary of his own paper, "Freud's Writings on Art" (VI, 4, 116-130). Mr. Lesser asked and obtained permission to let his printed paper "Tragedy, Comedy and the Esthetic Experience" (VI, 4, 131-138) stand as published and to present instead a basic study on "The Use of Scientific Psychological Knowledge in Literary Study."

The presentation of papers left a very short period for discussion. The discussion centered mainly around two points; viz., the use of biography and of the art work itself in the psychoanalytic approach to criticism, and the best method by which the scholar-critic can prepare himself to make use of the techniques of psychoanalytic criticism.

At the close of the meeting the Conference referred to such of its members as should attend a meeting with the Editors later in the day all questions concerning the future form, content, and financing of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY. The slate of officers submitted by the nominating committee was unanimously approved:

Chairman: Frederick J. Hoffman
Secretary & Editor: Leonard F. Manheim
Associate Editor: Eleanor B. Manheim
Steering Committee: Wayne Burns
Helmut E. Gerber
Simon O. Lesser

The meeting adjourned at 3:35 p. m.

At 5:00 p. m., in the editors' room at the Statler, a meeting of the Committee on the status of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY was held. After discussion it was decided that the publication be continued, that the deficit of over \$550, accumulated over six years of publication, be made up by an increase in the subscription price, by strict economy in the form and size of the issues hereafter, and by a systematic attempt by the editors and all others interested to obtain a subsidy or some other form of underwriting from a foundation for the support of scholarship.

The subscription price was fixed at \$2.00 for 1957, the issues to be limited to 20 to 25 pages each, with no discounts to be allowed. It was further agreed that the Steering Committee elected by the Conference for 1957 should also constitute an Editorial Committee to pass on contributions. The committee meeting adjourned at 7:00 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,
Eleanor B. Manheim
Secretary pro tem.

THE HARD VISION OF FREUD

"The case histories I describe," Freud once observed, "read like short stories." And, as a consequence, short stories read like case histories. Yet if Freud gave much to literature, he received as much from it. He was a constant and critical reader who brought to the enjoyment and understanding of literature the sophisticated taste of the European humanist. Not only did he read widely but his comments on his reading range from the easy familiarity of allusion to formal, full-scale exposition and analysis. In response to an invitation from the Italian scientific journal *Scientia*, Freud wrote an essay, "The Claims of Psycho-Analysis to Scientific Interest," published in 1921, in which he demonstrated the applicability of psychoanalysis to other fields of study. Of the eight disciplines he considers, the humanities take up four: philology, philosophy, history of civilization, and the theory and history of art. His published work and letters constitute an uninterrupted exemplification of the application of psychoanalysis to the humanities and testify to his deep devotion to literature.

I have found in his work quotations from and allusions to the major writers of Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Russia, England, and the United States. He was particularly fond of English literature; writing to his fiancée Martha in 1882, he praises the English character and the English way of life, and he tells her that his sojourn in England "... had a decisive influence on my whole life. . . . I am taking up again the history of the island, the works of the men who were my real teachers -- all of them English or Scotch; and I am recalling what is for me the most interesting historical period, the reign of the Puritans and Oliver Cromwell with its lofty monument of that time -- *Paradise Lost*, where only recently, when I did not feel sure of your love, I found consolation and comfort." If you will pardon the pride of a teacher of English, I note that he refers to Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Sterne, Burns, Scott, Byron, Dickens (his favorite), Disraeli, Thackeray, George Eliot (by whom he was especially impressed), J. S. Mill (whose essays he translated), Darwin, Huxley, Paterson, Herbert Spencer, Kipling, Samuel Butler, Lang, Robertson Smith, Frazer, Arthur Evans, Havelock Ellis, and Shaw (whom he did not like). As to American authors, there are references to Wendell Phillips, Bret Harte, William James, and, above all, to Mark Twain. Jones tells us that in September of 1898 Freud attended a lecture by Twain and greatly enjoyed it; and in *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconsciousness*, Freud, stating that "Economy of sympathy is one of the most frequent sources of humorous pleasure," goes on to remark that: "Mark Twain's humor usually follows this mechanism," and tells three Twain stories to illustrate his point. In addition, Freud wrote a number of papers and books which deal directly with literary and artistic problems: "Psychopathic Characters on the Stage," "Delusion and Dream," "The Relation of the Poet to Day-Dreaming," "The Antithetical Sense of Primary Words," *Leonardo*

da Vinci and a Memory of His Childhood, "Contributions to the Psychology of Love," "Formulations regarding the Two Principles of Mental Functioning," "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," "The Occurrence in Dreams of Materials from Fairy-Tales," "The Theme of the Three Caskets," *Totem and Taboo*, "The Moses of Michelangelo," "Some Character-Types Met with in Psycho-analytic Work," "Dostoevsky and Parricide," *Moses and Monotheism*; in the course of these and other works, there are to be found extended critiques of Oedipus, *The Merchant of Venice*, Richard III, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, Hebbel's *Judith and Holofernes*, Meyer's *Die Richterin*, Jensen's *Gradiva*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and *Rosmersholm*. Finally, Jones informs us that for Freud: "An evening spent at a theatre was a rare event. It had to be something of special interest to him, such as a performance of a Shakespeare play or a Mozart opera before he could tear himself away from his work." I cannot conclude this rather solemn listing without adding that despite a considerable knowledge of Shakespeare and of Shakespearean scholarship, Freud fell for the Oxford theory of Shakespearean authorship of the doubly unfortunate Leoney, and, despite the most solicitous efforts of James Strachey, persisted in this delusion, as late as 1930, on the occasion of receiving the Goethe Prize for Literature he was still capable of declaring: "I have . . . ceased to believe that the author of Shakespeare's works was the man from Stratford," Homer nodded, Freud dreamt.

Of the effect of literature on Freud, then, there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt at all of the influence of Freud on literature. The unfolding of his thought is a fascinating and ennobling spectacle. Starting from the letters to Fliess in 1887 and continuing through almost one hundred books and papers, we can see how Freud expanded and widened the range of his observation: he begins with the immediate and intense but necessarily limited data of self-analysis and then, notch by notch, he stretches the frame of his reference, from the observation of himself to the observation of his patients and from thence, escaping the confines of his own historical and social milieu, he gradually encircles the whole range of human experience, from the earliest and most primitive, derived from his study of anthropology and the history of religion, to the most recent and sophisticated, as expressed in art and literature. From the raw material of his observation, Freud hammered out both a view of the nature of human nature and a language capable of articulating that view which profoundly affected the subject matter, the style, and indeed the very orientation of modern literature. This is not the place to demonstrate the indebtedness of modern literature to Freud, and besides it has been done in scholarly fashion by F. J. Hoffman in his *Freudianism and the Literary Mind* but one has only to think of Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Auden, Sherwood Anderson, O'Neill, Kafka, Gide, Koestler, and Mann, to mention no others, to realize how powerfully and boldly Freud redirected the course of literature. I am certainly not saying that be-

fore Freud writers were incapable of character analysis; on the contrary, he has shown how deeply and truly they probed. But since him, no writer can be innocent of the Mechanism of motivation; what Freud did was to give him a conceptual and terminological framework within which he structures his character delineation while leaving him free to assess the moral significance of action within that framework as his own insight dictates. If the excitement of the discovery of the 20's and 30's has quieted down by now, it is only because his influence has been so completely absorbed by writers and readers alike that it has become a natural and accepted constituent of our Weltanschauung; along with Darwin, Marx, Frazer, and Einstein, Freud is an indispensable element of the intellectual air we breathe without which the life of the mind would simply not be possible. As Auden has written: "To us he is nor more a person/Now but a whole climate of opinion."

Yet, so rich and vital is Freud's thought that on this occasion, the celebration of his centenary, I am confident that its influence, far from being exhausted, has still to exert its full force; more, I believe that the most profound layers of his thought remain to be penetrated and brought into use. To support this belief, I should like to call attention to two aspects of the Freudian ideology whose bearing on criticism and on literature have yet to be determined and whose impact may turn out to be more fundamental than Freud's initial impingement on literature, deep though that went. There are, it seems to me, two divergent and perhaps even antithetical modes of thought by which Freud operated, two processes of mind which differ in method, object, intent, and effect. The first I call his scientific or operational point of view, which is descriptive, objective, analytical, and altogether free from moral intrusion. The other is philosophical, emotionally involved, and deeply concerned with moral judgment. To the first we owe the studies of hysteria, of dreams, of the psychopathology of every day life, of wit, of sexuality, and the first lectures on psychoanalysis; to the other such books as Beyond the Pleasure Principle, The Ego and the Id, The Problem of Anxiety, The Future of an Illusion, and Civilization and Its Discontents; the transition point seems to be marked by Totem and Taboo and "Thoughts for the Times on War and Death." I should have been more diffident in putting forward this view of Freud had I not found in Jones an illuminating passage dealing with what he calls Freud's "obstinate dualism": "This was of course most pronounced in his basic classifications: love-hunger; ego-sexuality; auto-eroticism-heteroeroticism; Eros-Thanatos; life-death, and so on. . . . It is as if Freud had a difficulty in contemplating any topic unless he could divide it into two opposites, and never more than two. That there was a fundamental conflict between two opposing forces in the mind was for him a basic fact." Freud, then, thought dialectically, in opposites, addressing different problems in different modes of apprehension.

Freud's scientific mode of thought is directed at discovering the laws of movement of the mind; rejecting the conventional body-mind division, he thinks of the psychic

processes as a continuum whose motions he conceives it his business to describe operationally. As he explains in his last work, An Outline of Psychoanalysis, psychoanalysis makes a fundamental hypothesis, namely, that ". . . there are physical or somatic processes which accompany the mental ones and which must admittedly be more complete than the vital series, since some of them have conscious processes parallel to them both but others have not. It thus seems natural to lay the stress in psychology upon those somatic processes, to see in them the true essence of what is mental and to try to arrive at some other assessment of the conscious Processes." And he goes on to say that the processes with which psychology is concerned ". . . are in themselves just as unknowable as those dealt with by the other sciences, by chemistry or physics, for example; but it is possible to establish the laws which these processes obey and to follow over long and unbroken stretches their mutual relations and interdependences -- in short, to gain what is known as an 'understanding' of the sphere of natural phenomena in question." Thus, the basic concepts of psychoanalysis are of the same order and validity as those of the natural sciences: they are statements of relationships between phenomena in motion. It is revealing that Jung attributes to Freud the mechanistic-causal standpoint and ascribes to himself the energetic viewpoint, a deliberate misinterpretation, if not a reversal, of the very approach to phenomena which entitles Freud to the name of scientist.

Properly to estimate the further potential contribution of Freudianism to criticism, it is necessary to look for a moment at its present state, and, as no paper on criticism can be considered complete without some reference to Aristotle, I shall do my literary duty now. Criticism owes to Aristotle a triple legacy willed through the Poetics, the Ethics, and the Rhetoric: first, the pursuit of the history of literature as the history of genres; second, the understanding of character within moral categories; and third, the analysis of expression in terms of the devices of rhetoric. Each of these approaches to literature has come, in our day, perilously close to a crisis of methodology which has forced criticism into uncharted waters: away from the work of art as the mere addition of rhetorical parts to the work of art as an organism; away from the work of art as finished form, as end product only, to the work of art as the fruition of the creative process, that is, from being to becoming; and away from genetic chronicle to the unfolding of the history of the mind, both of the individual and of the group, behind the work of art. This parallel triple shift is, in its turn, the Coleridgean legacy to criticism which now stands in need of a method and vocabulary which can describe objectively the mode of operation peculiar to literature, namely, the process of image and symbol formation. For while Coleridge was vouchsafed the Pisgah-sight of a new criticism, he was unable, for historical and personal reasons, to lead it into the promised land. That has now been done by Freud, who, when he described the mode of operation of dream-work, named its parts, and demonstrated how it can be applied successfully to other fields in his book on wit, showed us how the Coleridgean

insight can be profitably exploited. Anyone who has attempted to study the genesis and development of a poem from its first conception through to its printed form by means of letters, notebooks, manuscripts, and corrections, that is to say, the actual creative work of the poet, will grasp and welcome the enlightening relevance of the Freudian categories of the dream-work to the creative process. Moreover, as Freud himself insisted, the same process is equally applicable -- and I quote his own list -- to mythology, philology, folklore, folk psychology, and religion. But of these areas of study, only two, mythology and religion, have to any degree been explored by the Freudian method of symbol analysis, and these almost exclusively by Freud himself and by the first generation of his disciples, Abraham, Ferenczi, Jones, Rank, Reik, and Roheim. Indeed, speaking in the light of my own work on myth, I am fully persuaded that the mythopoetic mind, which stretches in an unbroken line from the myth and ritual pattern of the ancient Near East to the poet at work at his desk today and which is to the rational, scientific mode of thought as the submerged bulk of the iceberg to its surfaced tip, can be understood only in terms of the dream-work. I regret that many students of myth tend to look down on Freud as an intruder in their field, but they forget that the union of anthropology and psychoanalysis, which is the foundation upon which the modern study of myth now rests, was sealed by Freud; he was among the very first to grasp the significance of Frazer's work from which he audaciously drew the conclusions which Frazer either did not see or did not dare to express. I wish I could say that Frazer returned the compliment of Freud's interest, but, unfortunately, the only reference in Frazer which I can find which appears to refer to psychoanalysis is a nameless and simultaneous slap at Freud and Jane Harrison. Instead of following this line of symbol analysis, however, psychoanalytic criticism has veered, mistakenly I think, toward pathography, that is, the identification of characters in literature as examples of the Freudian typology, and, as Freud himself was conspicuously unsuccessful with this method (it is after all tautological), it is no wonder that later Freudians should do no better. Nor has criticism taken advantage of the opening which Freud gave it; outside of Prescott, Baudouin, and Burke, I do not recall any critics who have employed the Freudian analysis of symbols formation in any systematic fashion. Yet this method, the creation of Freud's scientific mind, can stand to criticism in the same relation as mathematics to physics: as the dispassionate expression of relationships between impersonal phenomena. To see human behavior, so warm, so various, so enmeshed in passion, and especially to look at literature and art which have always been regarded as among the highest forms of spiritual utterance, in this controlled and directed way requires of the mind a discipline of steel, and this is the scientific side of Freud's hard vision. He once said to Abraham: "You are right in saying that the enumeration in my last paper may give the impression of claiming a place beside Copernicus and Darwin." This is merely accurate: he dealt with the mind in exactly the same way as they had dealt with the phenomena of nature, and, in some ways,

he needed greater courage because the hazards he faced were greater; that he showed that courage we know.

But there is another aspect of Freud's hard vision, the philosophical. At the end of The New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis, he remarks that psychoanalysis is not in a position to create a Weltanschauung, nor need it do so, for it can subscribe to the scientific Weltanschauung. Yet even a scientific Weltanschauung must have no pretensions since scientific thought is incomplete, unsystematic, and negative. But this dismissal has been preceded by a whole series of other rejections: he has already told us that he has never been a therapeutic enthusiast, and he has excoriated religion in words more scathing than Marx's; "Its doctrines carry with them the stamp of the times in which they originated, the ignorant childhood days of the human race. Its consolations deserve no trust. Experience teaches us that the world is not a nursery . . . it seems not so much a lasting acquisition, as a parallel to the neurosis which the civilized individual must pass from childhood to maturity"; and he condemned philosophic relativism and Marxism as well. In their place, he substitutes an apocalyptic vision of man's relation to the world outside and within himself which complement and supplement each other. Within the picture is this: "The proverb tells us that one cannot serve two masters at once. The poor ego has a still harder time of it; it has to serve three harsh masters, and has to do its best to reconcile the claims and demands of all three. These demands are always divergent and often seem quite incompatible; no wonder that the ego so frequently gives way under its task. The three tyrants are the external world, the super-ego and the id. When one watches the efforts of the ego to satisfy them all, or rather, to obey them all simultaneously, one cannot regret having personified the ego, and established it as a separate being. It feels itself hemmed in on three sides and threatened by three kinds of danger, towards which it reacts by developing anxiety when it is too hard pressed. . . . In this way, goaded on by the id, hemmed in by the super-ego, and rebuffed by reality, the ego struggles to cope with its economic task of reducing the forces and influences which work in it and upon it to some kind of harmony; and we may well understand how it is that we so often cannot repress the cry: 'Life is not easy'." And without the picture is this: "It would seem that aggression when it is impeded entails serious injury, and that we have to destroy other things and other people in order not to destroy ourselves, in order to protect ourselves from the tendency to self-destruction. . . A sad disclosure, it will be agreed, for the Moralists." But this is not all the Moralists must see: "And now the instincts [Freud writes] in which we believe separate themselves into two groups; the erotic instincts, which are always trying to collect living substances together into ever larger unities, and the death instincts which act against that tendency, and try to bring living matter back into inorganic condition. The cooperation and opposition of these forces produce the phenomena of life to which death puts an end." So Freud wrote in 1933 in philosophical terms, but he had already drawn up a more specific indictment:

"Psychoanalysis has concluded from a study of the dreams and mental slips of normal people, as well as from the symptoms of neurotics, that the primitive, savage, and evil impulses of mankind have not vanished in any individual, but continue their existence, although in a repressed state -- in the unconscious, as we call it in our language -- and that they wait for opportunities to display their activity. It has furthermore taught us that our intellect is a feeble and dependent thing, a plaything and a tool of our impulses and emotions; that all of us are forced to behave cleverly or stupidly according as our attitudes and inner resistances ordain. And now just look at what is happening. . . , at the cruelties and injustices for which most civilized nations are responsible, at the different ways in which they judge of their own lies, their own wrong-doings, and those of their enemies, at the general loss of clear insight; then you must confess that psychoanalysis has been right in both its assertions." The date of this statement? December 28. 1914.

"All that he did was to remember/Like the old and be honest like children," says Auden of Freud. But, as I recall it, the child who drew attention to the emperor's nakedness was not commended for his honesty, and it appears to be all too true that we praise those who see life as it ought to be and scorn those who see it as it is. There is no consolation or comfort in Freud: he offers neither palliative nor nostrum. "For my part," he wrote to Putnam, "I have never been concerned with any comprehensive synthesis, but always with certainty alone." Freud's certainty concerning the human condition, the picture of man, beset within, battered from without, always at the mercy of inner and outer forces over which he has no control, immeasurably stronger than he is, and against which he so pitifully struggles in vain, a Sisyphus ceaselessly and eternally swallowing and pushing a double stone, this picture is not new, nor did Freud intend it to be thought of as something hitherto unperceived, for he well knew it had been proclaimed long before him:

Once a man fostered in his house
a lion cub, from the mother's milk
torn....
In the first steps of its young life
mild, it played with children
and delighted the old....
But it grew with time, and the lion
in the blood strain came out; it paid
grace to those who had fostered it
in blood and death for the sheep flocks,
a grim feast forbidden.
...only the act of evil
breeds other to follow,
young sins in its own likeness....
But Pride aging is made
in man's dark actions
ripe with the young pride
late or soon when the dawn of destiny
comes and birth is given
to the spirit none may fight or beat
down,
sinful Daring; and in those halls
the black visaged Disasters stamped
in the likeness of their fathers.

This is the tragic vision; it is the hard vision of Freud. I have been glad to see that the occasion of his centenary has been the signal for a determined counterattack (the first shot was fired in a lecture in this very auditorium by Stanley Hyman, subsequently published in the Partisan Review*) against the revisionists of Freud who had almost succeeded, Uranus-like, in emasculating his strength. But it is this very strength which indissolubly links him to the tradition of tragedy, and, if his language is different from that of the poets, it is only because he had to restate their revelation in a way which we could best understand. It matters very little whether his scientific or philosophic side will prevail; they both stem from the same hardness of vision; in either case his immortality is assured.

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*/ See Bibliography (XXIV), VI, 4, 141

TWO VARIATIONS ON A THEME: DYING IN VENICE (Thomas Mann and Ernest Hemingway)

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen,
Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben,
Wird für keinen Dienst der Erde taugen,
Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben,
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen!

---Tristan
August Graf von Platen

In the German saying, "Venedig sehen und sterben," there is an indication of the existence of catalytic places which command the forces of beauty and death to an extraordinary degree. "Mourir, à Venise," the French agree with the Germans, "c'est être bien mort..." This tragic experience of the 'mystical union' of beauty and death, of sex

and death, with which the psychologists have long been familiar, is reflected in Thomas Mann's Death in Venice and Ernest Hemingway's Across the River and Into the Trees.

Mann and Hemingway -- the one in 1911 before the great wars, the other in 1950 after them -- have put into words a subject which

himself to the hotel barber's efforts at a youthful, if not military, haircut. Tadzio -- Thaddeus -- whose name sounds at first to Aschenbach almost like "Adieu," appears like a young god. Renata, whose name suggests "Reborn," appears like a young goddess. Eros and Thanatos have appeared. Charon is waiting in the background.

Both Cantwell and Aschenbach have fallen in love. The Colonel celebrates complete spiritual as well as physical union with Renata; yet his Youth Reborn is his last amour. With Tadzio fleeing away like an Adieu, Aschenbach can only stretch out his arms longingly; the writer can never so much as touch the boy's shoulder although pursuing him day and night through the deadly city. At one time Aschenbach wants to talk to Tadzio, the intellectual to the child, a German to a Pole, in the language of the French (they cannot even communicate with each other in their native tongue) -- but all of a sudden Aschenbach stops, hesitates, and the opportunity passes unused. Cantwell and Renata, on the other hand, employ either English or Italian in their conversation; they make at least an attempt at communication. And the fact of each learning his lover's speech indicates their gradual and mutual identification.

In the two youths, beauty -- and death -- in its classical Greco-Italian perfection is experienced. Aschenbach compares Tadzio to the "noblest monument of Greek sculpture -- pale, with a sweet reserve, with clustering honey-colored ringlets, the brow and nose descending in one line, the winning mouth, the expression of pure and godlike serenity." (p. 396) "It was the head of Eros. . ." (p. 399) Renata quite significantly is of Venetian aristocracy. "Then she came into the room, shining in her youth and tall striking beauty, and the carelessness the wind made of her hair. She had pale, almost olive colored skin, a profile that could break your, or anyone else's heart. . . (p. 80). It breaks, to be sure, Cantwell's.

As middle links between youth and old age, there are the mothers, Tadzio's and Renata's, watching yet mildly tolerating and even reluctantly encouraging in the ways of the woman eternally divided against herself. The fathers, in the country of the Mary cult and maternal supervision, find no mention whatsoever. ⁸ Then, against all motherly predictions and despite both Tadzio's and Renata's restraining and conservative education, the youths fall prey to the refined lusts for innocence, desires which they themselves provoke.

Two old neo-pagans take possession of the young faithfuls. Two old gods -- Eros and Thanatos -- conquer a new world. Beauty and death reign. Sex and destruction prevail. Love and beauty unite. This is a normal situation. Both Mann and Hemingway take great care to make this quite clear. They do not wish to suggest that either Aschenbach or Cantwell are perverts. ⁹

⁸/ Even in the names Aschenbach and Cantwell there seem to be indications of the maternal symbol: in the German's there is the "brook" that runs from the hills into the ocean, mother of life; in the American's there is the "well," fountain of life but falling back into itself.

trast their heroes with a perverted environment to show their own purity. There are the homosexuals and "pédérastes" all around them (Mann, pp. 389-390; Hemingway, p. 96), the lesbians and the prostitutes (Hemingway, pp. 86, 38), the "monstrous and perverse" (Mann, p. 432). But Cantwell's love is genuinely manly love. And Aschenbach's love culminates in libido-dreams only (pp. 430-431).

With Venetian sunrises there are Venetian sunsets. Aschenbach knows that his beautiful "young god, emerging from the depths of sea and sky" (p. 403) will inevitably disappear beyond the Western horizon. Cantwell who addresses Renata with "And you're the sun (p. 99) is too realistic not to anticipate the night. Above the black and foul-smelling lagoons of Venice there swing black bridges, and the black water signals life's ebb and flow. As for the black wind, there is no cure. The wind beats the rhythm of life and death, relentlessly. The wind is surely the Wagnerian *leitmotif* accompanying the Colonel from the beginning to the end (pp. 25, 28, 54, 68, 152, etc.). ⁹ The wind comes from the regions of eternal winter; it brings death to Venice. In Aschenbach's story, it comes from the regions of eternal summer. The sirocco blows (pp. 404, 419). The mountebank, another impersonation of the Munich-stranger and of the gondolier, and the last appearance of the angel of Death before the man with the scythe himself appears, explains Venice's disinfection policies (for the fight against the black death, the cholera) with the words, "On account of the heat and the sirocco. The sirocco is oppressive. Not good for the health." (p. 425) Whence this wind comes, comes the disease, as the travel-bureau clerk informs Aschenbach, (p. 427) and with this dangerous wind enters Death in Venice.

Twice Aschenbach tries to escape by leaving the city; thrice Cantwell has escaped heart-attacks. When fate strikes another time, neither hasty departures nor tablets hurriedly swallowed will help. Dying in Venice is not accidental. Both Aschenbach and Cantwell came to Venice in order to die in the face of beauty. Dying begins for the writer with a walk past the Munich North Cemetery where the stranger appears and ends on the Lido where Tadzio disappears. For Cantwell, dying begins also on the way to the Lido, with Jackson, the driver, as his companion to the very end. The road is lined with cemeteries, provoking -- as in Aschenbach's case -- thoughts of death (or travel, which is the obvious death-symbol). "I'd like to be buried out there, he thought For a long time he had been thinking about all the fine places he would like to be buried and what parts of the earth he would like to be part of" (p. 34-35). Venice, he tells his driver, was built as a castle against invasions of fever and foreign tribes. With the cholera in Aschenbach's time and the sick heart in the times of nervousness and hypertension, Cantwell's days, death is back in Venice.

Yet dying in Venice is dying from within. There is reason to believe that the aes-

⁹/ For the wind, water, and bridge symbolism, sp. C. Baker, op. cit.

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND COMMENTS

** As reported elsewhere, contributions to LITERATURE & PSYCHOLOGY will hereafter be passed upon by the Editorial and Steering Committee, thus relieving the Editors of sole responsibility for the papers accepted. Comments, announcements, and bibliographical notes are still chargeable to the Editors, however, unless other credits appear.

** Despite the usual frustrations of MLA attendance, complicated this year by the trek between Statler and Mayflower, we report the following papers of psycho-literary interest (those marked + being listed on the basis of title only):

"New Evidence on Keats's Illness," by Harold E. Briggs (Eng. 9)

"Influences of Psychological and Psychiatric Studies on Unamuno," by Edward J. Schuster (Span. 5)

+ "Recurring Patterns in Zola's Novels," by John C. Lapp (Romance Section)

"The Fiery Antidote: A Reading of 'Goblin Market'," by Fraser Neiman (Eng. 10)

"Humor's Healing Power," by James A. Work (English Section II)

"The Biographer as Critic," by Leon Edel (English Section II)

+ "F. C. Bartlett and the Psychological Study of Folktales," by William H. Jansen (Comp. Lit. 2)

+ "Some Meanings of Myth," by Herbert Weisinger (Comp. Lit. 2)

+ "Autobiography and Poetry -- Byron," by Leslie Marchand (Gen. Topics 2)

+ "Expressionism and Existentialism in Modern German Literature," Panel: André von Gronicka, Walter Sokel, Hans Jaeger (Ger. 5)

"Levels of Reality in Phèdre," by Robert J. Nelson (Fre. 3)

+ "Tall and Gessler: Psychological Patterns in Schiller's Wilhelm Tell," by Richard Plant (Ger. 3)

We have reserved for special comment one paper, which those who attended our Conference must have missed, since it was given at the same time. Professor Harry Bergholz has permitted us to see the mss. of

"Autopsy on Solness" (Scandinavian Group)

In it Professor Bergholz has contributed to the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Ibsen's death by analyzing the critical reaction of successive generations of commentators to a single play, The Master Builder. He distinguishes four major strata of critical approach to the play, preceded by a preliminary period of "bafflement." The four succeeding stages are called biographical, psychological, philosophic-religious, and stylistic, respectively. From the elaborate bibliography which accompanied his paper some excerpts have been included in the bibliographical section of this issue.

** Birth notices have been received for the following recently-founded journals:

Centennial Review of Arts and Sciences, edited by Branford P. Millar at Michigan State. "Designed to present articles in the principal disciplines of the sciences and humanities in such a manner that the achievements and implications of specialized scholarship may be disseminated over a wide range of field."

Victorian Studies, to be published at Indiana University. Will carry "relevant articles in any of the humanities, arts, and sciences" pertaining to English culture between about 1830 and 1914.

James Joyce Review. Managing editor, Edmund Epstein, University of Buffalo.

** The following books have been received for review; reviews, where appropriate, will be published later:

H. D. - Tribute to Freud (Pantheon, \$2.50) with a foreword by Merrill Moore. ix+180 pp.

Milton L. Miller - Nostalgia: A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust (Houghton, Mifflin, \$4.00). ix+306 pp.

Thomas F. Marshall et al. (eds.) - Literature and Society 1950-1955: A Selective Bibliography (University of Miami Press, n. p.) ix+57 pp.

Robert Montraville Green - The Round Table: An Arthurian Romance Epic (Privately printed; \$6.00, cloth; \$5.00, paper). Volume 1, vi+612 pp.

MINUTES OF 1956 MEETINGS

The Conference on Literature and Psychology met at luncheon in honor of the centenary of the birth of Sigmund Freud at 12:30 p. m. on 27 December 1956 at the Hotel Burlington in Washington, D. C. The speaker at the luncheon, Professor Leon Edel, delivered the following address:

This is the first time our group has gathered on an occasion of this sort. We're usually too busy, all of us, to do more than read our bulletin, as best we can, and meet once a year largely to disagree on matters of theory and interpretation and

what literature and psychology are all about. Of course our very act of meeting implies a large amount of agreement. And the occasion of our taking time to have lunch together is indeed an index of unanimity.

For we are met to honor today a man who has put his stamp upon our century, as no other man has done; and who can be honored with the deepest affection and respect by students of literature as by the medical profession or workers in many other fields. I think it can be affirmed -- and the centenary articles have said this over and over again -- that no figure in our time

has had a deeper and more pervasive influence upon the mind of man than Sigmund Freud. Einstein's work belongs to the stratosphere of the intelligence; he is on his summit where few of us can follow him, although all our lives have been profoundly affected by him. Einstein opened vistas into the world around man. Freud opened them into man himself.

It speaks eloquently for the vitality and power of Freud's ideas and his discoveries that, in the midst of the centenary when he is honored and revered and his life is reviewed with care and even with piety, the debates he initiated continue unresolved. We know that he was a fighter, that he had to overcome the greatest obstacles any fighter for his ideas can encounter: I allude to the sealed ear, the selective inattention, the automatic block, call it the resistance which he himself had studied with such assiduity and such patience. Like a stirring fighter he made deeply loyal friends and vigorous and bitter enemies. Many of his ideas are widely disputed. Many have been and will be revised, even as he himself had the courage to revise and correct them.

Freud's view of man is difficult to accept; it is hard for us to share the ferocious pessimism of his last works, and we understandably resist. Are we instinct-driven creatures in constant need of polishing, seeking always a pleasure anodyne to the tensions and miseries of existence? Man tends to think well of himself. He wants to think well of himself. He wants to believe that in spite of great set-backs he has at least established an ideal of civilization not wholly effaced by our recurrent lapses into barbarism. And yet whatever the disputes, Freud's ideas and techniques, his positive aids to psychiatry, his theory of psychoanalysis, his insights into early childhood and the formation of the ego, his speculations and bold sallies into man's unconscious through his interpretation of dreams -- that is, his study of the symbols by which man lives -- have taken hold and are woven inextricably into our time. It is on the ground of the study of symbols that literature and psychoanalysis meet, it is on this ground that we have found ourselves banding together in this group. Certain of the great writers of the past had profound insights into the springs of the consciousness. In olden times Aeschylus and Sophocles; later Shakespeare and Coleridge; and in recent times Dostoevsky, Ibsen, Henry James.

Balzac, in his preface to his *Comédie Humaine*, recognized that there is to be found a "phenomenon of brain and nerves, which prove the existence of an undiscovered world of psychology." I believe the editor of our bulletin long ago, in those fascinating epigraphs he seems to dig up in all sorts of places, quoted Hawthorne's speaking of the "topsy-turvy Commonwealth of sleep." Hawthorne expressed the belief that psychology would reduce the dream worlds to a system instead of rejecting them as altogether fabulous. And you all know that Henry James described how he dropped his ideas into the well of what he called "unconscious cerebration" and waited for them to emerge ready for use.

Freud re-expressed these insights in clinical terms. He was a doctor, and yet the strange thing is that the greater part of his work -- particularly his study of the symbols man throws up from his unconscious -- is related not only to medicine but to the humanities. It was no accident that Freud turned to literature to find descriptive names for the mental conditions he discerned in his patients. Literature itself is all symbol; words are symbols; the creation of the works of the imagination is a part of man's symbol-making which Freud was studying. Poets, musicians, novelists, critics -- above all the critics -- have been concerned with the very mental stuff that was Freud's concern. It had medical applications where it touched man's nerves and his brain and his physical functioning. But it belonged no less to that part of our civilization which is concerned with the mind and with consciousness.

It seems to me fortunate for the world that Freud belonged to an old humanistic tradition in which the medical man was also a man of learning. He was not the type of narrow doctor we tend to produce so often today -- the happy dispenser of anti-biotics with crowded assembly-line offices and a view of the individual as a king of robot who must yield to medication as if he were a mere malfunctioning motor. Freud was a man of broad culture. He read widely in world literature and he was grounded in the philosophies of the centuries. We have only to read certain of his essays, his *Leonardo* for instance, or that remarkable study in visual details -- I allude to his speculation on the Moses of Michelangelo -- to be aware that we are in touch not only with a scientific mind of the broad imaginative sort, but an individual of strong human sympathies. He could point acutely to the need for doctors capable of understanding those relations between mind and body of which spiritual healers had always been aware -- aware without however possessing full understanding. Freud possessed an awareness of the human being as someone who is more than mere subject for test-tube chemistry. He understood what much of medicine has not yet grasped: the whole emotional side of man, that side of him which Proust, working without knowledge of Freud, mirrored in his great novel.

This will explain why most of the writing about Freud during this centenary year has been the work of non-medical persons -- that is persons like ourselves able to grasp the major side of Freud's contribution. This, in essence, was non-medical; and it has, indeed, made richer, and in turn been enriched by, the disciplines it fertilized. Freud has become so powerful an influence today in part because other ideas have been added to his.

The bulk of the clergy in dealing with their flocks, the social workers called upon to cope with poverty and delinquency, the teachers who guide the young, teachers like ourselves in the universities who interpret great works of literature, the anthropologists studying races and cultures -- all work by the lights Freud turned on: but in turn they and we have added further illumination of our own. It is understandable that Freud trained non-medical personnel to carry on his work when he found the rigid

medical profession resisting his discoveries.

In our own field we must recognize that Freud's ideas are still suspect even to those who have unwittingly used them. I once delivered a paper at an MLA meeting which was based wholly on something Freud had taught me: to scrutinize what might be called the "manifest" content of the work. To my amazement I was roundly congratulated afterwards for having covered the ground without being "Freudian." Our very MLA program at the present meeting, and at other recent meetings, reflects the pervasive influence of Freud. The old meetings used to be devoted extensively to that favorite of old scholarship: source-hunting. Today the hunt is for symbolic meanings, myths, archetypes. Some of this stems from Jung, of course, but Jung we must remember at least stemmed from Freud. The time will come, I know, when scholars will study the entire inward-turning of our time: in philosophy and psychology, from William James to Bergson to Freud; in the novel from Dujardin to Faulkner by way of James and Joyce and Virginia Woolf. And in that study Freud will loom very large indeed. Human, palpable, questioning, making mistakes, stumbling, recovering his footing, he is quite likely to become himself the archetype of the scholar-explorer, a kind of Faustian figure, but on the whole devoid of Faust's destructive element, possessing a strange mixture of arrogance and compassion, the scholar and the healer who heals because he knows and knows because he heals.

Freud recognized himself as one who had "disturbed the world's sleep." Yes, and doubtless made us self-conscious about our dreams. If some of the magic has been rubbed off of them, that is the price we pay for understanding. Or let me put it another way: it is as if a second bite had been made into the old Adam's apple. But then man has always had to pay a price for the knowledge he has gained. Knowledge is reality and reality as we know substitutes itself sometimes with difficulty for delusion. That is still our problem: but the fact that our group here in Literature and Psychology grows stronger from year to year is perhaps a sign that the realities Freud propounded continue to take hold. And certainly some of them will prevail.

Following the luncheon the seventh annual Conference on Literature and Psychology met at the Hotel Statler from 2:00 to 3:30 p. m. Leonard F. Manheim (C. C. N. Y.) was chairman and Eleanor B. Manheim acted as secretary pro tem. Over 85 members attended. Professor Edel and Dr. Ruth R. Adams (Baltimore Jr. Coll.) were appointed to serve as nominating committee.

Since Professor Hoffman could not be present, his paper, "Psychology and Literature" (VI, 4, 111-115) was briefly summarized by the chairman. Dr. Fraiberg presented a summary of his own paper, "Freud's Writings on Art" (VI, 4, 116-130). Mr. Lesser asked and obtained permission to let his printed paper "Tragedy, Comedy and the Esthetic Experience" (VI, 4, 131-138) stand as published and to present instead a basic study on "The Use of Scientific Psychological Knowledge in Literary Study."

The presentation of papers left a very short period for discussion. The discussion centered mainly around two points; viz., the use of biography and of the art work itself in the psychoanalytic approach to criticism, and the best method by which the scholar-critic can prepare himself to make use of the techniques of psychoanalytic criticism.

At the close of the meeting the Conference referred to such of its members as should attend a meeting with the Editors later in the day all questions concerning the future form, content, and financing of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY. The slate of officers submitted by the nominating committee was unanimously approved:

Chairman: Frederick J. Hoffman
Secretary & Editor: Leonard F. Manheim
Associate Editor: Eleanor B. Manheim
Steering Committee: Wayne Burns
Helmuth E. Gerber
Simon O. Lesser

The meeting adjourned at 3:35 p. m.

At 5:00 p. m., in the editors' room at the Statler, a meeting of the Committee on the status of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY was held. After discussion it was decided that the publication be continued, that the deficit of over \$550, accumulated over six years of publication, be made up by an increase in the subscription price, by strict economy in the form and size of the issues hereafter, and by a systematic attempt by the editors and all others interested to obtain a subsidy or some other form of underwriting from a foundation for the support of scholarship.

The subscription price was fixed at \$2.00 for 1957, the issues to be limited to 20 to 25 pages each, with no discounts to be allowed. It was further agreed that the Steering Committee elected by the Conference for 1957 should also constitute an Editorial Committee to pass on contributions. The committee meeting adjourned at 7:00 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,

Eleanor B. Manheim
Secretary pro tem.

THE HARD VISION OF FREUD

"The case histories I describe," Freud once observed, "read like short stories." And, as a consequence, short stories read like case histories. Yet if Freud gave much to literature, he received as much from it. He was a constant and critical reader who brought to the enjoyment and understanding of literature the sophisticated taste of the European humanist. Not only did he read widely but his comments on his reading range from the easy familiarity of allusion to formal, full-scale exposition and analysis. In response to an invitation from the Italian scientific journal *Scientia*, Freud wrote an essay, "The Claims of Psycho-Analysis to Scientific Interest," published in 1921, in which he demonstrated the applicability of psychoanalysis to other fields of study. Of the eight disciplines he considers, the humanities take up four: philology, philosophy, history of civilization, and the theory and history of art. His published work and letters constitute an uninterrupted exemplification of the application of psychoanalysis to the humanities and testify to his deep devotion to literature.

I have found in his work quotations from and allusions to the major writers of Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Russia, England, and the United States. He was particularly fond of English literature; writing to his fiancée Martha in 1882, he praises the English character and the English way of life, and he tells her that his sojourn in England "...had a decisive influence on my whole life. . . . I am taking up again the history of the island, the works of the men who were my real teachers -- all of them English or Scotch; and I am recalling what is for me the most interesting historical period, the reign of the Puritans and Oliver Cromwell with its lofty monument of that time -- *Paradise Lost*, where only recently, when I did not feel sure of your love, I found consolation and comfort." If you will pardon the pride of a teacher of English, I note that he refers to Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Sterne, Burns, Scott, Byron, Dickens (his favorite), Disraeli, Thackeray, George Eliot (by whom he was especially impressed), J. S. Mill (whose essays he translated), Darwin, Huxley, Pater, Herbert Spencer, Kipling, Samuel Butler, Lang, Robertson Smith, Frazer, Arthur Evans, Havelock Ellis, and Shaw (whom he did not like). As to American authors, there are references to Wendell Phillips, Bret Harte, William James, and, above all, to Mark Twain. Jones tells us that in September of 1898 Freud attended a lecture by Twain and greatly enjoyed it; and in *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconsciousness*, Freud, stating that "Economy of sympathy is one of the most frequent sources of humoristic pleasure," goes on to remark that: "Mark Twain's humor usually follows this mechanism," and tells three Twain stories to illustrate his point. In addition, Freud wrote a number of papers and books which deal directly with literary and artistic problems: "Psychopathic Characters on the Stage," "Delusion and Dream," "The Relation of the Poet to Day-Dreaming," "The Antithetical Sense of Primary Words," *Leonardo*

da Vinci and a Memory of His Childhood, "Contributions to the Psychology of Love," "Formulations regarding the Two Principles of Mental Functioning," "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," "The Occurrence in Dreams of Materials from Fairy-Tales," "The Theme of the Three Caskets," *Totem and Taboo*, "The Moses of Michelangelo," "Some Character-Types Met with in Psycho-analytic Work," "Dostoevsky and Parricide," *Moses and Monotheism*; in the course of these and other works, there are to be found extended critiques of Oedipus, *The Merchant of Venice*, Richard III, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, Hebbel's *Judith and Holofernes*, Meyer's *Die Richterin*, Jensen's *Gradiva*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and Rosmersholm. Finally, Jones informs us that for Freud: "An evening spent at a theatre was a rare event. It had to be something of special interest to him, such as a performance of a Shakespeare play or a Mozart opera before he could tear himself away from his work." I cannot conclude this rather solemn listing without adding that despite a considerable knowledge of Shakespeare and of Shakespearean scholarship, Freud fell for the Oxford theory of Shakespearean authorship of the doubly unfortunate Leoney, and, despite the most solicitous efforts of James Strachey, persisted in this delusion, as late as 1930, on the occasion of receiving the Goethe Prize for Literature he was still capable of declaring: "I have . . . ceased to believe that the author of Shakespeare's works was the man from Stratford," Homer nodded, Freud dreamt.

Of the effect of literature on Freud, then, there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt at all of the influence of Freud on literature. The unfolding of his thought is a fascinating and ennobling spectacle. Starting from the letters to Fliess in 1887 and continuing through almost one hundred books and papers, we can see how Freud expanded and widened the range of his observation: he begins with the immediate and intense but necessarily limited data of self-analysis and then, notch by notch, he stretches the frame of his reference, from the observation of himself to the observation of his patients and from thence, escaping the confines of his own historical and social milieu, he gradually encircles the whole range of human experience, from the earliest and most primitive, derived from his study of anthropology and the history of religion, to the most recent and sophisticated, as expressed in art and literature. From the raw material of his observation, Freud hammered out both a view of the nature of human nature and a language capable of articulating that view which profoundly affected the subject matter, the style, and indeed the very orientation of modern literature. This is not the place to demonstrate the indebtedness of modern literature to Freud, and besides it has been done in scholarly fashion by F. J. Hoffman in his *Freudianism and the Literary Mind* but one has only to think of Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Auden, Sherwood Anderson, O'Neill, Kafka, Gide, Koestler, and Mann, to mention no others, to realize how powerfully and boldly Freud redirected the course of literature. I am certainly not saying that be-

fore Freud writers were incapable of character analysis; on the contrary, he has shown how deeply and truly they probed. But since him, no writer can be innocent of the Mechanism of motivation; what Freud did was to give him a conceptual and terminological framework within which he structures his character delineation while leaving him free to assess the moral significance of action within that framework as his own insight dictates. If the excitement of the discovery of the 20's and 30's has quieted down by now, it is only because his influence has been so completely absorbed by writers and readers alike that it has become a natural and accepted constituent of our Weltanschauung; along with Darwin, Marx, Frazer, and Einstein, Freud is an indispensable element of the intellectual air we breathe without which the life of the mind would simply not be possible. As Auden has written: "To us he is nor more a person/Now but a whole climate of opinion."

Yet, so rich and vital is Freud's thought that on this occasion, the celebration of his centenary, I am confident that its influence, far from being exhausted, has still to exert its full force; more, I believe that the most profound layers of his thought remain to be penetrated and brought into use. To support this belief, I should like to call attention to two aspects of the Freudian ideology whose bearing on criticism and on literature have yet to be determined and whose impact may turn out to be more fundamental than Freud's initial impingement on literature, deep though that went. There are, it seems to me, two divergent and perhaps even antithetical modes of thought by which Freud operated, two processes of mind which differ in method, object, intent, and effect. The first I call his scientific or operational point of view, which is descriptive, objective, analytical, and altogether free from moral intrusion. The other is philosophical, emotionally involved, and deeply concerned with moral judgment. To the first we owe the studies of hysteria, of dreams, of the psychopathology of every day life, of wit, of sexuality, and the first lectures on psychoanalysis; to the other such books as Beyond the Pleasure Principle, The Ego and the Id, The Problem of Anxiety, The Future of an Illusion, and Civilization and Its Discontents; the transition point seems to be marked by Totem and Taboo and "Thoughts for the Times on War and Death." I should have been more diffident in putting forward this view of Freud had I not found in Jones an illuminating passage dealing with what he calls Freud's "obstinate dualism": "This was of course most pronounced in his basic classifications: love-hunger; ego-sexuality; auto-eroticism-heteroeroticism; Eros-Thanatos; life-death, and so on. . . . It is as if Freud had a difficulty in contemplating any topic unless he could divide it into two opposites, and never more than two. That there was a fundamental conflict between two opposing forces in the mind was for him a basic fact." Freud, then, thought dialectically, in opposites, addressing different problems in different modes of apprehension.

Freud's scientific mode of thought is directed at discovering the laws of movement of the mind; rejecting the conventional body-mind division, he thinks of the psychic

processes as a continuum whose motions he conceives it his business to describe operationally. As he explains in his last work, An Outline of Psychoanalysis, psychoanalysis makes a fundamental hypothesis, namely, that ". . . there are physical or somatic processes which accompany the mental ones and which must admittedly be more complete than the vital series, since some of them have conscious processes parallel to them both but others have not. It thus seems natural to lay the stress in psychology upon those somatic processes, to see in them the true essence of what is mental and to try to arrive at some other assessment of the conscious Processes." And he goes on to say that the processes with which psychology is concerned ". . . are in themselves just as unknowable as those dealt with by the other sciences, by chemistry or physics, for example; but it is possible to establish the laws which these processes obey and to follow over long and unbroken stretches their mutual relations and interdependences -- in short, to gain what is known as an 'understanding' of the sphere of natural phenomena in question." Thus, the basic concepts of psychoanalysis are of the same order and validity as those of the natural sciences: they are statements of relationships between phenomena in motion. It is revealing that Jung attributes to Freud the mechanistic-causal standpoint and ascribes to himself the energetic viewpoint, a deliberate misinterpretation, if not a reversal, of the very approach to phenomena which entitles Freud to the name of scientist.

Properly to estimate the further potential contribution of Freudianism to criticism, it is necessary to look for a moment at its present state, and, as no paper on criticism can be considered complete without some reference to Aristotle, I shall do my literary duty now. Criticism owes to Aristotle a triple legacy willed through the Poetics, the Ethics, and the Rhetoric: first, the pursuit of the history of literature as the history of genres; second, the understanding of character within moral categories; and third, the analysis of expression in terms of the devices of rhetoric. Each of these approaches to literature has come, in our day, perilously close to a crisis of methodology which has forced criticism into unpathed waters: away from the work of art as the mere addition of rhetorical parts to the work of art as an organism; away from the work of art as finished form, as end product only, to the work of art as the fruition of the creative process, that is, from being to becoming; and away from genetic chronicle to the unfolding of the history of the mind, both of the individual and of the group, behind the work of art. This parallel triple shift is, in its turn, the Coleridgean legacy to criticism which now stands in need of a method and vocabulary which can describe objectively the mode of operation peculiar to literature, namely, the process of image and symbol formation. For while Coleridge was vouchsafed the Pisgah-sight of a new criticism, he was unable, for historical and personal reasons, to lead it into the promised land. That has now been done by Freud, who, when he described the mode of operation of dream-work, named its parts, and demonstrated how it can be applied successfully to other fields in his book on wit, showed us how the Coleridgean

insight can be profitably exploited. Anyone who has attempted to study the genesis and development of a poem from its first conception through to its printed form by means of letters, notebooks, manuscripts, and corrections, that is to say, the actual creative work of the poet, will grasp and welcome the enlightening relevance of the Freudian categories of the dream-work to the creative process. Moreover, as Freud himself insisted, the same process is equally applicable -- and I quote his own list -- to mythology, philology, folklore, folk psychology, and religion. But of these areas of study, only two, mythology and religion, have to any degree been explored by the Freudian method of symbol analysis, and these almost exclusively by Freud himself and by the first generation of his disciples, Abraham, Ferenczi, Jones, Rank, Reik, and Roheim. Indeed, speaking in the light of my own work on myth, I am fully persuaded that the mythopoeic mind, which stretches in an unbroken line from the myth and ritual pattern of the ancient Near East to the poet at work at his desk today and which is to the rational, scientific mode of thought as the submerged bulk of the iceberg to its surfaced tip, can be understood only in terms of the dream-work. I regret that many students of myth tend to look down on Freud as an intruder in their field, but they forget that the union of anthropology and psychoanalysis, which is the foundation upon which the modern study of myth now rests, was sealed by Freud; he was among the very first to grasp the significance of Frazer's work from which he audaciously drew the conclusions which Frazer either did not see or did not dare to express. I wish I could say that Frazer returned the compliment of Freud's interest, but, unfortunately, the only reference in Frazer which I can find which appears to refer to psychoanalysis is a nameless and simultaneous slap at Freud and Jane Harrison. Instead of following this line of symbol analysis, however, psychoanalytic criticism has veered, mistakenly I think, toward pathography, that is, the identification of characters in literature as examples of the Freudian typology, and, as Freud himself was conspicuously unsuccessful with this method (it is after all tautological), it is no wonder that later Freudians should do no better. Nor has criticism taken advantage of the opening which Freud gave it; outside of Prescott, Baudouin, and Burke, I do not recall any critics who have employed the Freudian analysis of symbols formation in any systematic fashion. Yet this method, the creation of Freud's scientific mind, can stand to criticism in the same relation as mathematics to physics: as the dispassionate expression of relationships between impersonal phenomena. To see human behavior, so warm, so various, so enmeshed in passion, and especially to look at literature and art which have always been regarded as among the highest forms of spiritual utterance, in this controlled and directed way requires of the mind a discipline of steel, and this is the scientific side of Freud's hard vision. He once said to Abraham: "You are right in saying that the enumeration in my last paper may give the impression of claiming a place beside Copernicus and Darwin." This is merely accurate: he dealt with the mind in exactly the same way as they had dealt with the phenomena of nature, and, in some ways,

he needed greater courage because the hazards he faced were greater; that he showed that courage we know.

But there is another aspect of Freud's hard vision, the philosophical. At the end of The New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis, he remarks that psychoanalysis is not in a position to create a Weltanschauung, nor need it do so, for it can subscribe to the scientific Weltanschauung. Yet even a scientific Weltanschauung must have no pretensions since scientific thought is incomplete, unsystematic, and negative. But this dismissal has been preceded by a whole series of other rejections: he has already told us that he has never been a therapeutic enthusiast, and he has excoriated religion in words more scathing than Marx's; "Its doctrines carry with them the stamp of the times in which they originated, the ignorant childhood days of the human race. Its consolations deserve no trust. Experience teaches us that the world is not a nursery . . . it seems not so much a lasting acquisition, as a parallel to the neurosis which the civilized individual must pass from childhood to maturity"; and he condemned philosophic relativism and Marxism as well. In their place, he substitutes an apocalyptic vision of man's relation to the world outside and within himself which complement and supplement each other. Within the picture is this: "The proverb tells us that one cannot serve two masters at once. The poor ego has a still harder time of it; it has to serve three harsh masters, and has to do its best to reconcile the claims and demands of all three. These demands are always divergent and often seem quite incompatible; no wonder that the ego so frequently gives way under its task. The three tyrants are the external world, the super-ego and the id. When one watches the efforts of the ego to satisfy them all, or rather, to obey them all simultaneously, one cannot regret having personified the ego, and established it as a separate being. It feels itself hemmed in on three sides and threatened by three kinds of danger, towards which it reacts by developing anxiety when it is too hard pressed. . . . In this way, goaded on by the id, hemmed in by the super-ego, and rebuffed by reality, the ego struggles to cope with its economic task of reducing the forces and influences which work in it and upon it to some kind of harmony; and we may well understand how it is that we so often cannot repress the cry: 'Life is not easy'." And without the picture is this: "It would seem that aggression when it is impeded entails serious injury, and that we have to destroy other things and other people in order not to destroy ourselves, in order to protect ourselves from the tendency to self-destruction. . . A sad disclosure, it will be agreed, for the Moralists." But this is not all the Moralists must see: "And now the instincts [Freud writes] in which we believe separate themselves into two groups; the erotic instincts, which are always trying to collect living substances together into ever larger unities, and the death instincts which act against that tendency, and try to bring living matter back into inorganic condition. The cooperation and opposition of these forces produce the phenomena of life to which death puts an end." So Freud wrote in 1933 in philosophical terms, but he had already drawn up a more specific indictment:

"Psychoanalysis has concluded from a study of the dreams and mental slips of normal people, as well as from the symptoms of neurotics, that the primitive, savage, and evil impulses of mankind have not vanished in any individual, but continue their existence, although in a repressed state -- in the unconscious, as we call it in our language -- and that they wait for opportunities to display their activity. It has furthermore taught us that our intellect is a feeble and dependent thing, a plaything and a tool of our impulses and emotions; that all of us are forced to behave cleverly or stupidly according as our attitudes and inner resistances ordain. And now just look at what is happening. . . , at the cruelties and injustices for which most civilized nations are responsible, at the different ways in which they judge of their own lies, their own wrong-doings, and those of their enemies, at the general loss of clear insight; then you must confess that psychoanalysis has been right in both its assertions." The date of this statement? December 28, 1914.

"All that he did was to remember/Like the old and be honest like children," says Auden of Freud. But, as I recall it, the child who drew attention to the emperor's nakedness was not commended for his honesty, and it appears to be all too true that we praise those who see life as it ought to be and scorn those who see it as it is. There is no consolation or comfort in Freud: he proffers neither palliative nor nostrum. "For my part," he wrote to Putnam, "I have never been concerned with any comprehensive synthesis, but always with certainty alone." Freud's certainty concerning the human condition, the picture of man, beset within, battered from without, always at the mercy of inner and outer forces over which he has no control, immeasurably stronger than he is, and against which he so pitifully struggles in vain, a Sisyphus ceaselessly and eternally swallowing and pushing a double stone, this picture is not new, nor did Freud intend it to be thought of as something hitherto unperceived, for he well knew it had been proclaimed long before him:

Once a man fostered in his house
a lion cub, from the mother's milk
torn....
In the first steps of its young life
mild, it played with children
and delighted the old....
But it grew with time, and the lion
in the blood strain came out; it paid
grace to those who had fostered it
in blood and death for the sheep flocks,
a grim feast forbidden.
...only the act of evil
breeds other to follow,
young sins in its own likeness....
But Pride aging is made
in man's dark actions
ripe with the young pride
late or soon when the dawn of destiny
comes and birth is given
to the spirit none may fight or beat
down,
sinful Daring; and in those halls
the black visaged Disasters stamped
in the likeness of their fathers.

This is the tragic vision; it is the hard vision of Freud. I have been glad to see that the occasion of his centenary has been the signal for a determined counterattack (the first shot was fired in a lecture in this very auditorium by Stanley Hyman, subsequently published in the Partisan Review*) against the revisionists of Freud who had almost succeeded, Uranus-like, in emasculating his strength. But it is this very strength which indissolubly links him to the tradition of tragedy, and, if his language is different from that of the poets, it is only because he had to restate their revelation in a way which we could best understand. It matters very little whether his scientific or philosophic side will prevail; they both stem from the same hardness of vision; in either case his immortality is assured.

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*/ See Bibliography (XXIV), VI, 4, 141

TWO VARIATIONS ON A THEME: DYING IN VENICE (Thomas Mann and Ernest Hemingway)

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen,
Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben,
Wird für keinen Dienst der Erde taugen,
Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben,
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen!

---Tristan
August Graf von Platen

In the German saying, "Venedig sehen und sterben," there is an indication of the existence of catalytic places which command the forces of beauty and death to an extraordinary degree. "Mourir, à Venise," the French agree with the Germans, "c'est être bien mort..." This tragic experience of the 'mystical union' of beauty and death, of sex

and death, with which the psychologists have long been familiar, is reflected in Thomas Mann's Death in Venice and Ernest Hemingway's Across the River and Into the Trees.

Mann and Hemingway -- the one in 1911 before the great wars, the other in 1950 after them -- have put into words a subject which

has been fully exploited by Richard Wagner in his opera *Tristan and Isolde*, and which has been indicated at least in August Graf von Platen's *Tristan-poem* quoted above. /1 The union of beauty and death in Venice is Mann's as well as Hemingway's theme. In both the German's *Novelle* and the American's novel there is a total identity of subject: An aging, worn-out, womanless man (widowed and divorced respectively), a man in his fifties, falls in love with a young, teenage person, and his life ends in Venice after moments of the most extremely fulfilling and unsurpassed happiness which have been created by beauty. /2 Of course, this theme of escape to beauty with a final exit is treated as dissimilarly as modern prose literature can permit. There is Mann's psychological, Freudian, and philosophical short story, followed after four decades by the much less obviously symbolic Hemingway novel in which all deeper meanings (and there are still many) are completely absorbed in action or in a contrapuntal dialogue perhaps as Aristophanean as the other is Platonic. There is the "realistic" story of Colonel Richard Cantwell's eventual and death-bound devotion to beauty, to a young girl; there is the "romantic" tale of Gustav von Aschenbach's fall from a Munich aesthete to a sensuality-hungry, libido-dream haunted, beauty-parlor polished victim or homoeroticism....

The diagonally opposed lines of the two hero's courses, if heroes they must be, are naturally clear from the outset. That Eros should mean the "bestial degradation" of Aschenbach, Mann has artfully foreshadowed in the scene in which the Venice-bound traveller meets, on board ship, the old man made up as a youth; "the dull carmine of the cheeks was rouge, the brown hair a wig. . . Aschenbach was moved to shudder," without anticipating his own identical end. /3 Cantwell, on the other hand, is subject to Goethe's promise, "Das Ewig-Weibliche/Zieht uns hinan."

Before he fell below his own existential level, Aschenbach was "the poet-spokesman of all those who labor at the edge of exhaustion; . . . of those who are already worn out but still hold themselves upright" (p. 385). In other words, he belongs to the type of order which has been founded by Cantwell and a friend of his, an order which only the beat-up may join (pp. 57, 59). The Colonel has suffered badly, and not only in the wars. His hand is shot through twice (as were the hand and arm of General Stonewall Jackson);

/4 it is like "the hand of our Lord," comments Renata, his girl (p. 84). "Our Lord" may refer here, in addition to St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, whose hands, it is assumed by some scholars, were mutilated or at least uncommonly short. Cantwell, well informed on everything in connection with the history, art, and character of the city at the head of the Adriatic Sea, including the legend of St. Mark, "only loved people . . . who had fought or been mutilated" (p. 71).

Womanless, homeless, lonely men beyond the prime of life -- they sought refuge in a foreign world. It was another connoisseur of beauty, Johann Joachim Winckelmann, interpreter of the art of antiquity, who one day in Munich, almost a hundred and fifty years before Gustav von Aschenbach, was suddenly so overcome by a spontaneous longing for the South that he travelled instantaneously to Italy, taking the same route as Mann's hero later did, only to be murdered in the city of Trieste. . . . And it was another homoerotic lover of beauty, August Graf von Platen, who, three generations before Mann, called Venice the "perfect" city, wrote the *Tristan-poem* "Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen," and died in Italy of a disease which he thought to be cholera. . . .

/5 What was it that compelled Aschenbach to make a similar journey to meet a similar fate? One afternoon in Munich the mysterious appearance of a stranger wearing "the pilgrim air" (p. 380) inspired him with a desire to travel. Venice is the terminal. Aschenbach is actually no newcomer to this "most improbable of cities." "He saw it once more, that landing-place that takes the breath away. . . . Looking, he thought that to come to Venice by the station is like entering a palace by the back door." (p. 392).

Cantwell, coming from Trieste by car with the desire to meet his girlfriend over the weekend, takes a slightly different viewpoint. "There's the view, Jackson," the Colonel said. "Stop her by the side of the road and we'll take a look!" (p. 27) Colonel and driver look across the lagoon. "Now when you look past Murano you see Venice. That's my town. There's plenty more I could show you, but I think we probably ought to roll on. But take one good look at it. This is where you can see how it all happened. But nobody ever looks at it from here." (pp. 29-30)

1/ Mann quotes the poem in his essay on Platen (in *Leiden und Grösse der Meister*, Berlin, 1935; p. 167) and says it is strange that it should be called "Tristan". But as a matter of fact, Platen had planned a *Tristan* drama (*Werke*, ed. Koch, II, 94), of which the poem was to be a part.

2/ Cantwell is fifty-one; the age of Mann's hero, who had been raised to the nobility in his fiftieth year, is not precisely given.

3/ Pp. 389-390 in *Stories of Three Decades* (New York, 1941). For *Across the River and Into the Trees*, cp. 1950 edition (New York).

4/ Cp. Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* (Princeton, New Jersey, 1952), p. 268. Baker, at pp. 266-268, and Northrop Frye in his review of Hemingway's 1950 novel in *Hudson Review*, Winter 1951, p. 611, have both referred to Mann's and Hemingway's theme, "dying in Venice."

5/ In addition to Mann's interest in Platen, it is necessary to remember his own *Tristan* story, his interest in Richard Wagner and Nietzsche (another Venice-lover). E. Bertram, in *Nietzsche* (Berlin, 1920) says of Venice, "Es ist die Geburtsstadt des Tristan." (p. 264) Mann quotes the last-named work in his Platen essay. In short, the genealogy of Mann-Aschenbach shows the following ancestors: Goethe, Platen, Wagner, Nietzsche, Freud.

Thus conclude the prologues, and the writer and the Colonel proceed, eventually to their respective hotels. The catalytic drama "Dying in Venice" begins. Charon lets the curtain rise, making his appearance on the lagoon Styx, a gondola-ferry the first scene.

Aschenbach climbs into the gondola, that "singular conveyance, come down unchanged from ballad times, black as nothing else on earth except a coffin. . . /6 The lukewarm air of the sirocco breathed upon him, he leaned back among his cushions. . . 'The trip will be short,' he thought, and wished it might last forever." (pp. 392-393) The gondolier, with features like those of the mysterious stranger in Munich (brutish face, snub nose, outlandish lips curled back baring the white teeth to the gums, wearing a straw hat), replies to his patron's question, "How much do you ask for the trip?" with, "The signore will pay" (p. 394), and finally disappears without even being paid -- for he is a man without a license (Charon needs no license.) Cantwell lowers himself into the "launch which looked like a speed boat" and was powered by a Fiat engine that had been purchased from a graveyard (!) of automobiles; he asks his boatman, "How much is it to the Gritti?" and is told, "You know as well as I, my Colonel. We do not bargain. We have a fixed tariff." (pp. 42, 43) Charon's tariff is indeed fixed.

Thus, with a warning for each, they get to their hotels. The first thing either man does upon entering his room is to check the view. Aschenbach takes a long look at the beach and the sunless sea, the scene of his later death shortly before which he will be lost in the sight of the beautiful boy Tadzio. Cantwell glances "onto the wind beaten water of the Grand Canal" on which he is to find love, beauty, and death in the arms of Renata. Sunless as the Lido and wind beaten as the Grand Canal may have been at the time of the men's arrival -- foreshadowing the end -- the sun also rises over Venice, indicating the beginning of joy and happiness. A room with a view of the sunrise over the Adriatic Sea is something philo-Venetians have sung of in time past. /7 Aschenbach, rising, would wrap himself against the early chill and sit down by the window to await

6/ Goethe, in his "Venetian Epigrams" of 1790 (N° 8), writes in the same vein, although with more vitality,

"Diese Gondel vergleich ich der sanft
einschaukelnden Wiege,
Und das Kistchen darauf scheint ein
geräumiger Sarg.
Recht so! Zwischen der Wieg' und dem
Sarg wir schwanken und schweben
Auf dem grossen Kanal sorglos durchs
Leben dahin."

And Platen,

"Liebendem Paar wohl dient zum Ver-
steck die venetische Gondel,
Doch bei'm Leichensprang dient sie
zur Bahre dem Sarg." (IV, 219)

7/ Robert Browning, writing to his biographer shortly before his death in Venice (!), confessed, "Every morning at six I see the sun rise. . . . My bedroom window commands a perfect view; the still, grey lagoon, the few sea-gulls flying,

the sunrise. . . there came a breath, a winged word from far and inaccessible abodes, that Eos was rising from the side of her spouse; and there was that first sweet reddening of the farthest strip of sea and sky that manifests creation to man's sense." (p. 415) Like the writer, the old soldier is an early riser (and worker). "The Colonel woke before daylight. . . . The wind was still blowing hard and he went to the open windows to check the weather. There was no light as yet in the east across the Grand Canal, but his eyes could see how rough the water was." (p. 167) Finally there is light -- and light means to Cantwell that he is able to see the portrait of Renata.

Pleasure and death -- these twins walk all the streets of Venice. With them Aschenbach and Cantwell. Pleasure and death are so interwoven that it is at times hard to ascertain with which we are confronted. Food to Aschenbach is first a positive experience. "He took a leisurely breakfast." (p. 399) Later, food is the carrier of disease and death -- the cholera. Cantwell is a real gourmet. He begins his day with a bottle of Valpolicella (p. 167). Somewhat later he proceeds with fried eggs, tea, and toast, plus another decanter of Valpolicella (p. 177). "The Colonel breakfasted with the leisure of a fighter who has been clipped badly, hears four, and knows how to relax truly for five seconds more." (p. 178) On his after-breakfast stroll to the market, he studies the cheeses and sausages, tries some, and buys a quarter of a kilo of sausage (for another twin-experience of pleasure and death: the duck hunt). He even gets one eighth of a kilo for his hunting dog. At the fish-market, inspecting it minutely, he purchases six clams, drinks the juice and cuts the clams out (p. 193). Once with his girlfriend, later in the morning, he orders another decanted flask of the wine (p. 203) and eats a ration of Canadian bacon. Back in his room, telling Renata of his war experiences, he sips another glass of the Valpolicella -- but in this earthly feast falls a reminder that it all cannot last long. In fact, one suspects that the more the Colonel drinks the shorter it will be. The greater the pleasure, the stronger the feeling of experienced beauty, the sooner death. With the good drink go two bitter tablets for his bad heart. There follow before lunch two Martinis and more pills.

Panic has seized our heroes. They know deep in their minds that they are wearing out. Aschenbach, looking into the mirror of his room, finding his hair gray and his face weary (p. 403), bewitched by "the presence of the youthful beauty", and filled with disgust "of his own aging body" (p. 432), subjects himself to the hotel barber's efforts at beautification. Cantwell, also contemplating his "ugly face" in the hotel room mirror (p. 76), and finding his body "unspeakably mutilated" (p. 169), subjects

the islet of S. Giorgio in deep shadow, and the clouds in a long purple rack, behind which a sort of spirit of rose burns up till presently all the rims are on fire with gold, and last of all the orb sends before it a long column of its own essence apparently: so my day begins." (Edward Dowden, *The Life of Robert Browning*. London & Toronto, 1915, p. 341)

himself to the hotel barber's efforts at a youthful, if not military, haircut. Tadzio -- Thaddeus -- whose name sounds at first to Aschenbach almost like "Adieu," appears like a young god. Renata, whose name suggests "Reborn," appears like a young goddess. Eros and Thanatos have appeared. Charon is waiting in the background.

Both Cantwell and Aschenbach have fallen in love. The Colonel celebrates complete spiritual as well as physical union with Renata; yet his Youth Reborn is his last amour. With Tadzio fleeing away like an Adieu, Aschenbach can only stretch out his arms longingly; the writer can never so much as touch the boy's shoulder although pursuing him day and night through the deadly city. At one time Aschenbach wants to talk to Tadzio, the intellectual to the child, a German to a Pole, in the language of the French (they cannot even communicate with each other in their native tongue) -- but all of a sudden Aschenbach stops, hesitates, and the opportunity passes unused. Cantwell and Renata, on the other hand, employ either English or Italian in their conversation; they make at least an attempt at communication. And the fact of each learning his lover's speech indicates their gradual and mutual identification.

In the two youths, beauty -- and death -- in its classical Greco-Italian perfection is experienced. Aschenbach compares Tadzio to the "noblest monument of Greek sculpture -- pale, with a sweet reserve, with clustering honey-colored ringlets, the brow and nose descending in one line, the winning mouth, the expression of pure and godlike serenity." (p. 396) "It was the head of Eros. . ." (p. 399) Renata quite significantly is of Venetian aristocracy. "Then she came into the room, shining in her youth and tall striking beauty, and the carelessness the wind made of her hair. She had pale, almost olive colored skin, a profile that could break your, or anyone else's heart. . ." (p. 80). It breaks, to be sure, Cantwell's.

As middle links between youth and old age, there are the mothers, Tadzio's and Renata's, watching yet mildly tolerating and even reluctantly encouraging in the ways of the woman eternally divided against herself. The fathers, in the country of the Mary cult and maternal supervision, find no mention whatsoever. ⁸ Then, against all motherly predictions and despite both Tadzio's and Renata's restraining and conservative education, the youths fall prey to the refined lusts for innocence, desires which they themselves provoke.

Two old neo-pagans take possession of the young faithfuls. Two old gods -- Eros and Thanatos -- conquer a new world. Beauty and death reign. Sex and destruction prevail. Love and beauty unite. This is a normal situation. Both Mann and Hemingway take great care to make this quite clear. They do not wish to suggest that either Aschenbach or Cantwell are perverts. ⁹

⁸ Even in the names Aschenbach and Cantwell there seem to be indications of the maternal symbol: in the German's there is the "brook" that runs from the hills into the ocean, mother of life; in the American's there is the "well," fountain of life but falling back into itself.

trast their heroes with a perverted environment to show their own purity. There are the homosexuals and "pédérastes" all around them (Mann, pp. 389-390; Hemingway, p. 96), the lesbians and the prostitutes (Hemingway, pp. 86, 38), the "monstrous and perverse" (Mann, p. 432). But Cantwell's love is genuinely manly love. And Aschenbach's love culminates in libido-dreams only (pp. 430-431).

With Venetian sunrises there are Venetian sunsets. Aschenbach knows that his beautiful "young god, emerging from the depths of sea and sky" (p. 403) will inevitably disappear beyond the Western horizon. Cantwell who addresses Renata with "And you're the sun (p. 99) is too realistic not to anticipate the night. Above the black and foul-smelling lagoons of Venice there swing black bridges, and the black water signals life's ebb and flow. As for the black wind, there is no cure. The wind beats the rhythm of life and death, relentlessly. The wind is surely the Wagnerian *leitmotif* accompanying the Colonel from the beginning to the end (pp. 25, 28, 54, 68, 152, etc.). ¹⁰ The wind comes from the regions of eternal winter; it brings death to Venice. In Aschenbach's story, it comes from the regions of eternal summer. The sirocco blows (pp. 404, 419). The mountebank, another impersonation of the Munich-stranger and of the gondolier, and the last appearance of the angel of Death before the man with the scythe himself appears, explains Venice's disinfection policies (for the fight against the black death, the cholera) with the words, "On account of the heat and the sirocco. The sirocco is oppressive. Not good for the health." (p. 425) Whence this wind comes, comes the disease, as the travel-bureau clerk informs Aschenbach, (p. 427) and with this dangerous wind enters Death in Venice.

Twice Aschenbach tries to escape by leaving the city; thrice Cantwell has escaped heart-attacks. When fate strikes another time, neither hasty departures nor tablets hurriedly swallowed will help. Dying in Venice is not accidental. Both Aschenbach and Cantwell came to Venice in order to die in the face of beauty. Dying begins for the writer with a walk past the Munich North Cemetery where the stranger appears and ends on the Lido where Tadzio disappears. For Cantwell, dying begins also on the way to the Lido, with Jackson, the driver, as his companion to the very end. The road is lined with cemeteries, provoking -- as in Aschenbach's case -- thoughts of death (or travel, which is the obvious death-symbol). "I'd like to be buried out there, he thought For a long time he had been thinking about all the fine places he would like to be buried and what parts of the earth he would like to be part of" (p. 34-35). Venice, he tells his driver, was built as a castle against invasions of fever and foreign tribes. With the cholera in Aschenbach's time and the sick heart in the times of nervousness and hypertension, Cantwell's days, death is back in Venice.

Yet dying in Venice is dying from within. There is reason to believe that the aes-

⁹ For the wind, water, and bridge symbolism, sp. C. Baker, *op. cit.*

the writer dies of a heart-attack while watching Beauty -- Tadzio -- rather than of cholera (which had scared August von Platen to death). The heart of Richard Cantwell, "[Richard] the lion-hearted," the "crap-hearted," just stops beating like that of another Richard; i. e., Wagner, who died in the catalyst city. /10

10/Richard Wagner "suffered from advanced hypertrophy of the heart. . .with consequent degeneration of the cardiac tissues" (E. Newman, The Life of Richard Wagner. New York, 1946, Vol. IV, p. 705)

Here Tristan and Isolde was worked on, here Tristan returned with Platen, Aschenbach, and Cantwell. "Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen, / Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben. . ." He who has experienced beauty is left to death. And so they departed -- to that country whence the gondolas do not return.

Joachim H. Seyppel
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Ralph L. Woods, ed., The World of Dreams: An Anthology (New York, Random House, 1947)

Rollo May, Man's Search for Himself (New York: Norton, 1953) [Many literary examples, references, and allusions]

[From our readers]

Offprints from the authors:

Wayne Burns, "The Genuine and Counterfeit: A Study in Victorian and Modern Fiction," College English, 18, 3 (Dec. 1956), 149-150

William J. Griffin, "How to Misread Faulkner: A Powerful Plea for Ignorance," Tennessee Studies in Literature (The University of Tennessee Studies in the Humanities, N°1), pp. 27-34

John D. Mitchell, "Applied Psychoanalysis in the Director-Actor Relationship," Amer. Imago, 13, 3, 223-239

From Dr. David V. Erdmann (N. Y. P. L.):

Zygmunt Piotrowski, "The Development of Freud's Ideas: An Outline and a Guide to Reading," Bull. of the N.Y. Public Library, 61, 1 (Jan. 1957), 19-35

In his introduction to this article ("Front Matter," p. 5), Dr. Erdmann bewails the fact that, after the Freud centenary "we were only confused and bewildered by the shoal of books by, on, about, and against Freud and his followers. . . . Dr. . . . Piotrowski. . . was so impressed by our muddle that he decided to. . . write out a systematic analysis of the rise and development of (Freudian) psychoanalysis."

From the editorial assistant:

Josef Hofmiller, "Thomas Manns Tod

in Venedig," Merkur (Deutsche Zeitschrift für europäisches Denken) IX, 6 (June 1955), 505-520

The article is a reprint of a critique originally published in 1913.

From the author (at the suggestion of Dr. Merrill Moore):

Iago Galdston, "Freud's Influence on Contemporary Culture," Bull. of the N. Y. Acad. of Med., December 1956, 2nd series, 32, 12, 908-919

From Professor Bergholz's bibliography for "Autopsy on Solness" (see Announcements and Comments, supra, also Bibliography (XXIV), 71, 4 14o):

Oskar Aronsohn, Das Problem im "Baumeister Solness" (=Erläuterung zu Ibsens pathologischen Gestalten, v. 2) (Halle, 1910, 64 pp.)

Ludwig Binswanger, Henrik Ibsen und das Problem der Selbstrealisation in der Kunst (=Schriften der Psyche, v. 2) (Heidelberg, 1952; 84 pp.)

Josef Collin, Henrik Ibsen, sein Werk - seine Weltanschauung - sein Leben (Heidelberg, 1910)

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Joseph L. Blotzer, "Mythic Patterns in To the Lighthouse," PMLA, LXXI, 4 (Part 1, Sept. 1956), 547-562

Alexander E. Jones, "Mark Twain and Sexuality," Ibid., 595-616

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Carl A. Viggiani, "Camus' L'Etranger," PMLA, LXXI, 5 (Dec. 1956), 865-887

Henry G. Fairbanks, "Sin, Free Will, and 'Pessimism' in Hawthorne," Ibid., 975-989

Mandor Fodor, "Psychopathology and Problems of Oral Libido in the Use of Language," Amer. Imago, 13, 4 (Winter 1956), 345-381

Peter Dow Webster, "Franz Kafka's 'In the Penal Colony'," Ibid., 399-407

Lionel Goitein, "Green Pastures [Psalm XXIII]," Ibid., 409-414

A. Bronson Feldman, "Zola and the Riddle of Sadism," Ibid., 415-425

Robert Rogers, "The Beast in Henry James," Ibid., 427-454

William Wasserstrom, "The Spirit of Myrrha," Ibid., 455-472

In the review of

Helen Gill Viljoen's Ruskin's Scottish Heritage (University of Illinois Press), in Victorian Newsletter, No 10, (Autumn, 1956),

the reviewer, Charles T. Dougherty, admits Professor Viljoen's justification in contending that previous Ruskin biographies have been seriously at variance with the facts as she has discovered them; yet he takes exception to her announced intention to build her biography in the light of 'a viewpoint cognizant of developments in twentieth century psychology,' and utters a dire warning that "if... she makes her book rely in any essential way upon a current theory of psychology, we all may be the losers [!]." (pp. 9, 10)

While this is not the only piece of evidence on the aversion of VNL to psycho-literary criticism, the list of forthcoming and recent publications in Issue No 10 does reveal the following titles which may be of interest to our readers:

Miriam Allott, "Wuthering Heights: the Rejection of Heathcliff," Essays in Criticism, 1957-58

Mario Praz, The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction, Trans. by Angus Davidson (Oxford). Reviewed in TLS (June 15, 1956), p. 360

Lloyd N. Jeffrey, "Browning as Psychologist: Three Notes," CE (March 1956), 345-348. Deals with "Fact and Truth," "The Difficulty of Self-Knowledge," and "The Nature of Evil."

Bernard J. Paris, "Toward a Revalu-

ation of George Eliot's The Mill on the Floss," NCP (June 1956), 18-31

Jack Lindsay, George Meredith, His Life and Work (Bodley Head). Reviewed in TLS (June 22, 1956), p. 371

Explications de texte with psycho-literary leanings:

Thomas Olive Mabbott, "Poe's 'The Fall of the House of Usher'," Explicator, XV, 2 (November 1956), No 2

Mark Rowan, John H. Sutherland, and George McFadden examine two poems by W. H. Auden, Ibid., No 12

Gerald E. Silveira, "[Graham] Greene's The Basement Room," Ibid., XV, 3 (December 1956), No 13

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W. A. Bousfield, "Lope de Vega on Early Conditioning," Amer. Psychologist, 10 (1955), 828

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From Literature and Society, 1950-1955: A Selective Bibliography (University of Miami Publications in English and American Literature, No II; November, 1956) and the Annual Bibliography, Dec., 1956, of General Topics VI (Literature and Society), both edited by Thomas F. Marshall, et al.:

Maxwell Geismar, Rebels and Ancestors (Boston, 1953) [The author is described as a "social historian with Freudian predilections."]

Dorothy Deegan Yost, The Stereotype of the Single Woman in American Novels (New York, 1951)

Lois L. Barnes, "The Helpless Hero of Hemingway," Science and Society, XVII (Winter, 1953), 1-26

Else Frenkel-Brunswick, "Interaction of Psychological and Sociological Factors in Political Behavior," Amer. Pol. Sci. Rev., XLVI (March, 1952), 440-466

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LXVIII (Sept., Déc., 1953), 354-375, 495-511

Northrop Frye, "Levels of Meaning in Literature," Kenyon Rev., XII (Spr., 1950), 246-262

Peter Heller, "The Masochistic Rebel in Recent German Literature," Journ. Aesth. & Art Crit., XI (May, 1953), 198-213

---, "The Writer in Conflict with His Age -- A Study in the Ideology of Hermann Hesse," Monatshefte, XLVI, 3 (Mar., 1954), 137-147

Elwood P. Lawrence, "Fuller of Chicago: A study in Frustration," Amer. Qrtly., VI, 2 (Summer, 1954), 137-146

Leonard Lutwack, "The Iron Madonna and American Criticism in the Central Era," Mod. Lang. Qrtly., XV (Dec., 1954), 343-348

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Melvin Backman, "Faulkner's Sick Heroes: Bayard Sartoris and Quentin Compson," MFS, 2, 3 (Autumn, 1956), 95-108

Karl E. Zink, "Faulkner's Garden: Woman and the Immemorial Earth," Ibid. 139-149

Peter Lisca, "Motif and Pattern in Of Mice and Men," Ibid., 2, 4 (Winter, 1956-57), 228-234

Maurice Beebe's brief review of Milton L. Miller's Nostalgia, Ibid., p. 247

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Oscar Cargill, "Henry James as Freudian Pioneer," Chicago Rev., X (Summer, 1956), 13-29

Charles A. Allen, "Katherine Anne Porter: Psychology as Art," Southwest Rev., XLI (Summer, 1956), 223-230

The Sixth Congress of the Association Internationale des Etudes Françaises was held in Paris in July, 1954. The Proceedings (Cahiers) of this Congress were published with the co-operation of Unesco as Cahier 7

(Société d'éditions "Les Belles Lettres," Paris, June, 1955). One of the two subjects with which this Congress was concerned was Psychanalyse et Littérature. The papers delivered and some of the authorities cited therein included the following:

Yvon Belaval, "Poésie et Psychanalyse," pp. 7-22, [On surrealism. See also LA II, 3, 2-6 (R. 22-26).]

citing in footnotes, among others,

"les analyses freudienne [de Baudelaire] du Dr. [René] Laforgue et existentielle de Sartre,"

Charles Baudouin, Psychanalyse de l'Art (Alcan, Paris, 1939),

A. Muller, "L'Art et la Psychanalyse," Rev. Fr. de Psa., XVII, 3,

Yvon Belaval, Les Conduites d'échec (Gallimard, Paris, 1953).

Another paper delivered was

Ernest Fraenkel, "La Psychanalyse au Service de la Science de la Littérature," pp. 23-49

citing, among others,

M. Fraenkel's paper in Psyché, N° 50 (December, 1950), 857 ff.,

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André Michel, Psychanalyse de la Musique (P. U. F., Paris, 1951),

Gaston Bachelard, L'Eau et les Rêves; L'Air et les Songes; La Terre et les Réveries de la Volonté; La Terre et les Réveries du Repos (Corti, Paris, 1942-1948),

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Articles by Abbé Paul Jury; on Rousseau, Psyché N° 4; Descartes, Ibid. N° 40; Musset and Georges Sand, Ibid., Nos. 29 & 33 [See Bibliog. (XXIII), VI, 3, 104]; Atalide, the heroine of Racine's Bajazet, Ibid., Nos. 73 & 75,

Maryse Choisy, editor of Psyché, on the problem of psychoanalytic study of living authors, in three articles: "Peut-on psychanalyser un artiste," Ibid., N° 54; "Esquisse d'une Psychologie des valeurs, illustré par l'histoire complète d'un cas," Ibid., Nos. 63 & 64; "Le problème de la création," Ibid., N° 73

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Charles Baudouin, Psychanalyse de Victor Hugo (Editions de Montblanc, Genève, 1943) [See also FV, 3, 58],

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Guy Michaud, Message poétique du Symbolisme (Nizet et Bastard, Paris, 1947, 3 vols.) [Said to include comments from a psychoanalytic viewpoint on Poe, Baudelaire, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Carlyle, Wagner, Schopenhauer, Charles Cros, Camille Lemonnier, Verhaeren, Maurice Rollinat, Jean Moréas, Huysmans, Maupassant, Zola, Ernest Hello, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Jan Luyken, Henri Beauclair, Gabriel Vicaire, Paul Bourde, Rodenbach, Samain, Mikhaél, Paul Bourget, Jules Laforgue, Amiel, Flaubert, Charles Guérin, Henri de Regnier, Maeterlinck, André Fontainas, André Gide, Romain Rolland, Paul Valéry, Marcel Proust and Paul Claudel],

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Henry Mondor, Vie de Mallarmé and Mallarmé plus intime (N. R. F., Paris, 1941 and 1944, resp.),

H. M. Gallet, Explication de J. K. Huysmans (Agence parisienne de Distribution, Paris, 1954),

Etienne Souriau, "La nostalgie comme sentiment esthétique," Revue d'esthétique, 1949, 229-253,

Rodolphe Allendy, Rêves expliqués (N. R. F., Paris, 1938).

A third paper delivered was

Jean Richer, "Nerval devant la psychanalyse," pp. 51-64.

The author tends to accept Jungian theory, but cites Freudian authorities; viz.,

Charles Baudouin, "G. de Nerval ou le nouvel Orphée," Psyché, Jan., 1947, [Comments on theme of "phantom double"],

[?] Sebillotte, "Le secret de Gérard de Nerval" (publ. not given, 1948),

and

Charles Mauron, "Nerval et la psychocritique," Cahiers du Sud, N° 293 (1949),

as well as other works, among them,

François Constans, "Deux enfants du feu, la Reine de Saba et Gérard de Nerval," Mercure de France, April and May, 1948,

J. Richer, Nerval (Poètes d'aujourd'hui, 1950), "Nerval et ses fantômes," Mercure de France, June, 1951, and Nerval et les doctrines ésotériques (publ. not given, 1947),

Raymond Jean, Two articles on Nerval (titles not given), Cahiers du Sud N° 292 and Mercure de France, June '51.

The three papers were followed by discussion led by

Alan M. Boase, pp. 65-68 [rejecting Freudian interpretation],

Pierre Colotte, pp. 69-71, citing further works in psycho-literary criticism; viz.,

Charles Mauron, L'inconscient chez Racine (doctoral dissertation at the Université d'Aix-Marseille, Faculté de Lettres d'Aix, 26 June 1954),

and

-----, Estudi Mistralen (published in Provençal by the author at Saint-Rémy de Provence in mimeographed form on 15 April 1954),

and, finally, remarks by the psychoanalyst,

René Diatkine, pp. 73-75.

These papers and the authorities cited therein with rather imprecise documentation should be of value to our readers in revealing the existence of some little-known psycho-literary studies in French literature, most of which have not been previously mentioned in these pages.